The
COMMONWEAL

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National Sharecropper Week (March 3-10)

THE MORE one studies the plight of the cotton tenant farmer the more one realizes how closely it is bound up with other major factors in our national economy. Indeed one of the hopeful aspects of the "week" which brings the plight of 10,000,000 fellow Americans before the public at large is the interest manifested by such organizations as the Ladies Garment Workers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the Sleeping Car Porters and the Association for the Advancement of Colored People ("NAACP") in the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. Farmers and factory workers suffer or prosper together. The industrial system here and abroad brought one-crop farming and depleted the soil. War autarchy abroad, unemployment and low wages at home drastically cut demand and prices for the annual cotton crop. Industry's flight to the largely unorganized South kept wages depressed. Mechanization enables 6 to 8 men hired as day laborers (only during the cropping season) to do the work of 50-60 year-round tenants. Finally the government benefit payment system encourages plantation owners to displace tenants who might share such payments. Many measures are required — housing, public health, education, etc. — to enable croppers and migratory workers to become self-respecting citizens with an American standard of living. One step is, however, of paramount importance: immediate expansion on a large scale of the tenant purchase division of the Farm Security Administration. This is not the time or place to economize. We cannot afford neglect.

Tenants Should Be Owners

A New Scientific Foundation and Its Founder

FEW AMERICAN success stories can top the stirring career of the founder of the Carver foundation for chemical and agricultural research. Born as a slave on a Missouri farm during the Civil War, he and his mother were kidnapped. His mother disappeared but his captors exchanged George for a race horse and he returned home. Working his way through high school and college Carver served for a time as a botanist at Iowa State. In 1896 Booker T. Washington offered him a post at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, where he has remained to this day. Dr. Carver has devoted his life to the well-being of the South and of his race. When he persuaded cotton farmers to diversify their crops to the extent of cultivating peanuts and sweet potatoes, he found himself face to face with the problem of disposing of the new crops. He has discovered 300 peanut products ranging from face powder to axle grease. He has also developed important new uses for sweet potatoes, wood shavings and cotton stalks. With a little individualistic enterprise Dr. Carver could have made a fortune, but he refused to take out patents. Now he has given his life savings of $33,000, which once were larger, to establish the George Washington Carver Foundation "to serve all the people." When a scientist who has devoted his life as unsparingly to his fellow-man asks for $2,000,000 for the laboratories needed to carry on his work, others should have the vision to respond. Here is an achievement and a challenge.

George Washington Carver

Any Stick to Beat a Dog

THE MOMENT one balances in any sort of scale the violation of privacy constituted by the proposed census questions as against the social value of the statistics which those questions will make available, one wonders how protesting solons can keep straight faces. And it is a bit discouraging to think that such an almighty pother could be stirred up in legislative halls over so trifling a matter. (They do say that it's anti-New-Deal). Suppose the very worst should happen. Suppose that all census takers should spill the beans about the number of bathrooms belonging to each of their enumerees; suppose even that they made public the facts about their clients' mortgages. It is still hard to

Spirit of '76

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see what damage would be done. One suspects that the vast majority of enumerators will begin to be pretty bored with the whole business after their second interview. One liberty-loving citizen wrote Senator Tobey, "Our census taker is just a bum around town. He frequents questionable drinking places." A sad situation! The give-away, however, is the objector who writes, "It's time for a revival of the Spirit of '76." The lone ranger rides again. No, as far as our own mortgage is concerned, we'll be glad to answer all questions. The only thing we fear is the questionnaire (they call it a "schedule," which in itself is alarming); it threatens to be a trifle more complex than the income tax blanks, and the prospect of having to fill out something more complicated than that does indeed rouse our '76 dander. But maybe the enumerator will help.

The Guilds and Totalitarianism

LAST WEEK this paper indicated its unfavorable opinion of an attack from the collectivist wing against the proposal of the American Bishops for vocational groups, a new kind of guilds. The *Nation* appeared to us blind to that wide span of social effort between the extreme of economic liberalism at the one end and centralized socialism at the other. A little later, Senator and President-Aspirant Taft indicated in his Baltimore "Gutenberg Anniversary" speech a similar blindness. Senator Taft, of course, didn't complicate his myopia with feverish atheism, and his approach was from the economic liberal wing and clothed in historical analysis, but the dark was nonetheless deep. Whatever their shortcomings, the guilds of the Middle Ages which the Senator too categorically condemns were not creatures or organs of the totalitarian state. The great danger in the Middle Ages, even as late as Gutenberg, was anarchy more than totalitarianism. Sovereignty was split, divided and shared among different governmental and social organs; there were the separate Church and State hierarchies, and law was something considered an objective thing to which all were subject. The guild price-fixing was no element of a planned economy: there was a locally regulated economy but no planned economy. And when Senator Taft makes that price-fixing a complement of "collective production," he reaches absurdity. No attempt to return to medieval guilds deserves serious consideration. But the attempt to bring an organic structure to society, the attempt to bring people together into effective organizations for the self-government of specified activities, the effort to create institutional structures competent to deal with particular problems while avoiding Dr. Frankenstein's error of manufacturing a monster, the omnicompetent state, is necessary.

Mr. Taft Is Out of Turn

Mr. Squeers Was Right

MEN HAVE NEVER quite settled in their minds whether their invocation should run, "Nature, benign goddess!" or "Nature, fell hag!" One can so often make a case for either; or both may be combined in one confounding phenomenon. As, for instance, in the sleet storm which recently visited this territory. It is feeble and unevocative merely to say that it scattered beauty everywhere. Rather, it revealed beauty everywhere in a new dimension. In the literal sense of the often misused word, it transformed, so that people everywhere stopped their tasks or came out of their absorptions to gaze upon a really new universe—glittering, sharply drawn, exquisitely pure. Simultaneously all over a very considerable territory embracing several of these states, this common pause among men, like a breath of astonishment, affirmed that the sense of beauty, forever being lulled by use and wont, had been recreated afresh. And yet, beneath the splendor that panoplied the earth, another tale was gathering. There was not merely the slowing up of the brisk business of life as trains were halted, motors crawled fearfully over roads of glass, and the wires of light, communication and power, "ridged inch-deep with pearl," gave way under their deadly treasure. There was also direct destruction, on a scale not often witnessed. Animals and birds were driven from shelter and cut off from food. Literally thousands of trees, from saplings to giants, were pulled down by the ice—roaring the while, it is said, like ordnance in battle, to the final terror of the already frightened beasts. Nor for weeks will clearance be made—not for years will the growths be replaced. "She's a rum un, is Natur'," was the verdict of the philosophic Mr. Squeers. And he was right.

Nature Gets Going

"Co-operation and Good-Will"

AS GRACIOUS an action as history will record of the present was that performed recently by the United Jewish Appeal for Refugees and Overseas Needs, in dividing a quarter of a million dollars of their funds between the Holy See and the American Federal Council of Churches of Christ, for the use respectively of Catholic and Protestant refugees in Europe. The $125,000 allocated to the Holy See was sent through the instrumentality of the Most Reverend Bernard T. Shiel, of Chicago, who has just reported back to the co-chairmen of the Jewish Appeal the Holy Father's gratitude for the gift. The Pontiff had expressed himself as particularly moved that "the benefaction was intended as an act of homage to the memory of his great predecessor, Pius XI." Bishop Sheil

The Jewish Gift

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pertinently adds: "The memory of Pius XI's magnificent struggle against the inhumane and anti-Catholic doctrine of racialism continues to inspire all of us." Though it is doubtless an accident that this acknowledgment comes at precisely this moment, it is at least significant of the forces opposing each other in this field that almost simultaneously the news breaks that the Jewish racial ban is being renewed in Italy; while at the same time a Jewish savant, Roberto Almagia, forced to leave Rome University, has been appointed cartographic expert at Vatican Library. It is easy to believe that the Sovereign Pontiff is, as he says, especially happy that the Jewish gift evinces such "cooperation and good-will between the Catholic and Jewish peoples." The Vatican has a long and noble history of befriending Jews, and certainly the act of the Jewish Appeal constitutes no perfunctory or negligible return.

Mussolini Again

THE RELATION of Italian Fascist policy to truth shows a constant pattern: truth is used, not served. It is for example a natural and a spiritual truth that parents should have children: Mussolini cheapened this truth to an expedient for having soldiers. Decentralization and sound economics demand that each family, each region, each nation should be free from outside exploitation: Mussolini distorted this truth into an autarchy determined strictly by its potential value for war. It is right and true that a racial or national community at any given time in any given system should not willingly accept humiliation and an inferior status, and—our own immigration policy is proof—such an inferiority was imposed upon Italy after the war. Mussolini recreated Italian national pride and self-confidence by creating and exasperating Italian contempt and hatred for the peoples of one nation after another: at one time the Yugoslavs, at one time the Germans, and then the Russians, the French, and through them democratic principles and the Americans, the Ethiopians, the Albanians, the British and the Jews.

Fascist Neutrality

It is a fact on the immediate plane of human relationships that the inherent logical content of Catholicism, with its inescapable conception of the brotherhood of man, tends to unite the peoples of all countries and all races. This truth Mussolini has not distorted. He has ignored it, and has made repeatedly clear that his conception of Catholicism is that of a Latin cultural inheritance and a convenient political instrument. Wherever Fascist policy touches a truth it renders it incidental to its own purpose.

The current instance concerns neutrality. The truth here is that nations like persons have the right to make up their minds as to what action in regard to other persons and other nations it is their duty and interest to accomplish. But to claim neutral rights a nation must be a bona fide neutral. In the present controversy with Great Britain the Italian note claiming the benefits of international law is not, in intention or in effect, a move for neutral rights nor is it a move for peace. It is a threat of war. A nation deliberately committed to the support of German war aims and which has stated that it is not neutral but only non-belligerent cannot champion neutral rights. As a neutral nation Italy is disqualified. Both Italy's protest and Britain's action are war moves.

Spanish Refugees

POOR FRANCE gets a lot of unfavorable publicity about the Spanish refugees within her borders. Her answer, in the midst of a war that is testing all her powers, can be short and to the point: "Well, they are here!" The other countries are certainly slow to help out. The problem of the Spanish refugees is all tangled up in the issues and partisanships of the Spanish War, but it is time to try to clarify the issues as they remain and to eliminate the partisanship. Tens of thousands of the refugees who poured into France would have been much better off if they had stayed in or immediately returned to Spain, but undoubtedly a good many thousands (and no one could know just which) would have been killed or reduced to at least temporary slavery. By now it is unrealistic to expect very many of the Spaniards in France to go back across the border. Just as unrealistic are most of the complaints of the Spanish Refugee Emigration Service. That organization and a number of its allies are Stalinist and their humanitarian work of caring for the poor victims of the war and trying to settle them in Latin America cannot be clearly distinguished from their work for communism. But it is a shame and a scandal that the anti-communist reaction is purely obstructionist. The idea that the refugees will contaminate the pure Americas and that we should let them rot or take their medicine from Franco is: 1. inhuman; 2. a faithless assertion of the weakness and bankruptcy of Americanism as against communism. There ought to be strenuous competition for the honor of helping the refugees. Christians, at least, should strive to win them from the influence of Marxism and bring them into full and aware membership in the Church. If there were an organization as Catholic as the Spanish Refugee Emigration Service is Stalinist, working as hard as the latter, the refugees would be enormously benefited, the American nations, including this one, would be greatly strengthened, and a testimony of charity and sensibleness would be offered to the war-torn world.

The Case and the Care

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Ellen Gates Starr, O.S.B. (1859-1940)

An account of the life of the co-foundress of Hull House.

By **Eleanor Grace Clark**

ON THE tenth of February, 1940, on the feast of her Benedictine sister, Saint Scholastica, died Ellen Gates Starr, O.S.B. (Oblate of Saint Benedict), at the Convent of the Holy Child in Suffern, N. Y. Miss Starr was almost the last, as she was one of the first, of the long and illustrious line of noble women whose names are forever to be associated with the history of social settlement work in this country, and, of course, with the story of Hull House in particular. The social settlement house is now so much a part of our national city life that many of us do not realize that the first of such houses was founded in Chicago, in 1889, actually within the memory of our own generation, by two young girls not long out of school. It was at Rockford seminary in Illinois that Ellen Starr met Jane Addams in 1879; and rarely has a school-girl friendship ripened into a nobler maturity than that which began when these girls were in their teens and has continued more than fifty years. (Miss Addams died in 1935.)

They made a wonderful team, J. A. with her warm sympathy and her strong sense of the immediacies of her environment, and Ellen with her wit and her vision—for she had it even as a girl—of the ultimate relation of all good things, including good works, to God to whom the giving of her "all" was but a reasonable service. From the very sprouting of the idea of Hull House, their respective lines of service were clear. Jane was to keep Ellen's attention from wandering away from the woes of man toward a frank enjoyment of whatever was delightful about him—always a real temptation for her—and Ellen's task was never to lose sight, nor if possible ever to let others lose sight of the holy purpose of their service which was, in her view, simply to please God. That is, while "doing it unto the least of these" they must remember they were "doing it unto the Lord."

In this matter, as indeed in many others, Ellen could be a martinet. In an early letter, Miss Addams recognized her own weakness for dissipating their slender resources in the indulgence of a generosity that was more gratifying to her self than wisely serviceable to their cause.

In a letter to Miss Starr, dated June 7, 1889, she wrote:

> Dearest: I think I owe you an apology. . . . I gave $25.00 yesterday to Beloit College. I must stop doings of that kind and save for our affair [the establishment of Hull House]. I don't know why I am so weak and need you to keep me from my weakness. My greatest self denial will come in my refusing to give to other things, and you must make yourself my bug-bear for that. I need you. dear one, more than you can realize.

This letter was written in the summer following the year they had spent together in Europe, during which time they had visited Toynbee Hall and there made their first plans for living among the poor in a similar house in Chicago.

They moved into Hull House on September 18, 1889. In an early account of the house and its surroundings, Miss Addams wrote (in "Twenty Years at Hull House"): "It was a fine old house standing well back from the street, surrounded on three sides by a broad piazza, which was supported by wooden pillars of exceptionally pure Corinthian design and proportion." The house had been built in 1856 to be the homestead of one of Chicago's pioneer citizens, Mr. Charles Hull, and although, as Miss Addams said, "battered by vicissitudes" (which included its being occupied by a factory, a second-hand furniture store, a home for the aged run by the Little Sisters of the Poor), it was still sound. From the beginning, Hull House never had the look of anything but an elegant private residence; it never became institutionalized. "We furnished the house," wrote Miss Addams, "as we would have furnished it were it in any other part of the city, with the photographs and other impedimenta we had collected in Europe [Miss Starr always secured a good photograph of every great picture she ever saw], and with a few bits of family mahogany. While all the new furniture which was bought was enduring in quality, we were careful to keep it in character with the fine old residence." These young women entered into the project of living for others with all the pride that a young matron might feel in setting up an establishment for her own present and future family.

Tenements around

Around this beautiful old house, once set in the midst of an elegant suburb, there had grown up

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in the course of years the most squalid tenements, which were used largely as sweat-shops. In an early address on working conditions for women in Chicago, Miss Addams described their neighborhood as follows:

> The policy of the public authorities of never taking an initiative and always waiting to be urged to do their duty, is obviously fatal in a neighborhood where there is little initiative among the citizens. The idea underlying our self-government breaks down in such a ward. The streets are inexpressibly dirty, the number of schools inadequate, sanitary legislation unenforced, the street lighting bad, the paving miserable and altogether lacking in the alleys and smaller streets, and the stables foul beyond description. Hundreds of houses are unconnected with the street sewer. . . . Rear tenements flourish, many houses have no water supply save the faucet in the back yard; there are no fire-escapes, the garbage and ashes are placed in wooden boxes which are fastened to the street pavements.

This might be upper Mott or Bleecker streets in New York City today! One of the most discouraging features of the whole situation was that many of these dreadful tenements were owned by ignorant immigrants themselves. "The theory that wealth brings responsibility, that possession entails at length education and refinements, in these cases fails utterly." So thought Miss Addams in a moment of discouragement.

Of course, there were Americans living there as well as immigrants. In that neighborhood, as in every other slum where rents are, or are supposed to be, cheap, there were persons—sometimes even families—who had known better days and ways, both economically and intellectually, and among such there were many who, in spite of every obstacle, struggled to keep up some sort of intellectual life. Halsted Street referred to such queer ones as those who were "great for books." To such, Hull House proved almost at once to be a veritable heaven of refuge. It is indicative of Miss Starr's characteristic esteem for quality wherever she found it that such persons gained her special interest. Miss Addams tells how, in the very first weeks of their residence, Miss Starr, who had, in the interval between college and Hull House, taught English in the exclusive Kirkland School for Girls, started a reading party, commencing boldly with George Eliot's "Romola." There is at least one English teacher who has listened wide-eyed to the accounts of these uneducated, or scantily educated, young women who, after working full days at eight cents an hour in some hideous sweat-shop, would gather in the evening in the Hull House dining room and there, week after week, "follow the wonderful tale with unflagging interest." "The Ladies"—as they were generally known in the neighborhood—usually invited two members of the club to dinner on reading nights, "not only that they might be received as guests, but that they might help us wash the dishes afterwards and so make the table ready for the stacks of Florentine photographs." Miss Starr always believed firmly in the slogan adopted by William Morris: "The cause of art is the cause of the people."

Mrs. Reoch

One of the most interesting of many of these club women was a Mrs. Jane Reoch, from whom there are many delightful letters preserved in Miss Starr's papers. Mrs. Reoch was a very unusual Scottish woman, who was a janitress for an office building on Madison Street. She began coming to Miss Starr's class in Shakespeare, and continued through many a course of reading in Shakespeare, Browning, Dante and Homer! This intellectual association with Miss Starr was her chief recreation and joy, and in all these years which have followed she has kept up a correspondence with her beloved friend and teacher. Miss Starr was always deeply touched by her gratitude, and upon the occasion of her eighty-third birthday, spoke most appreciatively of her "intelligence, refinement, sweetness and seriousness of character." In a letter dated August 31, 1909, Mrs. Reoch wrote, reminding Miss Starr of her first night at the Shakespeare class, and of the many that followed:

> My life would look bare indeed if the memory of those evenings spent with you were taken out of it. Sometimes if I am inclined to be lazy or not do a thing as it ought to be done, I say to myself, "I would be ashamed to have Miss Starr know that." So I pull myself together and try to be better. There is no telling how many lives you have touched in just the same way.

Right you are, dear old Jane Reoch! Not one of us who ever knew her can ever do shabbily a task that ought to be done well, or, indeed, cheat in any way at all, without withering inwardly at the thought of Miss Starr's disapproval and disappointment. It was this scorn of doing anything shabbily that so endeared her to her great master in book-binding, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson; but of that side of her work, there is no space here to speak.

It is fair to observe, however, that if Miss Starr's disapproval terrified us, so in even greater measure did we adore her commendation. Nothing that was good, however fleeting or ephemeral, ever escaped her notice; and her instant recognition of fine quality, whether in a word, or thought or deed, was usually expressed with a wit that was so instant and fine that it seemed to gild the commended thing with an all but stellar dust. One instance from hundreds of possibilities must

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suffice to illustrate. Once a member of the group of ardent admirers who used to collect of an evening in Miss Starr's beautiful little flat "for good conversation" decided that the north window where they were wont to foregather was just too cold to sit near with comfort, and so had it weather-stripped at what Miss Starr considered considerable expense. Be that as it may, he certainly felt himself royally rewarded when Miss Starr forthwith dubbed it "the B. Hutchinson Memorial Window," by which name it will ever be remembered.

Starr-dust

I once accused Miss Starr of having endowed a quite trivial action with a specious immortality by reason of the "Starr-dust" with which her witty appreciation had covered it. It happened in a Chicago hospital, where, while walking in a corridor, she had been suddenly stricken with a complete paralysis from her waist down. As she lay on the floor while the nurses were somewhat clumsily discussing the need of a stretcher, there happened to pass by a young Turkish orderly who had known Miss Starr only slightly, but who had admired her very much. Instantly sensing Miss Starr's acute suffering, both mental and physical, and hence the need for quiet dispatch, he brushed the women aside, saying quietly, "Don't bother about the stretcher; *I* will lift up Miss Starr." As he bent down and lifted her with infinite gentleness and carried her to her bed, she turned to him with a smile of seraphic appreciation and whispered, "You *have,* Abdulla, you have lifted me up, and at a moment when I needed cruelly to be uplifted. Thank you." I have since read many letters from Abdulla to Miss Starr, and I do not think I exaggerate the case when I say that his whole life has been illumined by that single, singing line of glittering praise—"you have lifted me up, Abdulla." I once said so to Miss Starr, and when I facetiously added that line from Herrick, "Oh, how that glittering taketh me," she roared with delicious laughter. It was, I believe, one of the few moments of her life in which she allowed herself just a *soupçon* of self-esteem. She prized wit so highly, especially when it was combined with holiness, that she could not fail to enjoy the knowledge that hers too was cherished.

It is probable that most of these precious personal recollections are too private for the general ear. The world at large will want to hear more of the derring-do, of her splendid work in the larger field of public service. In her life-long labor for others, there is, perhaps, no more spectacular chapter than that which recounts her trade-union activities in Chicago. She was, in fact, one of the pioneers in the fostering of labor organization for women in this country. Early a member of the Women's Trade Union League, it was inevitable that Miss Starr should take an active part in the strikes where women were especially concerned. After having taken a sympathetic part in the textile strike of 1913, helping to secure a settlement in which the workers won sixty percent of their demands, she entered the 1914 Henrici Restaurant strike in deadly earnest. She elected to do picket duty in behalf of certain waitresses who had been, in Miss Starr's opinion, unjustly discharged. It was her experience "on the line" that induced her shortly to go the whole way with the girls, a wayfaring that led finally to her arrest and trial "for disorderly conduct." Describing the plight of the waitresses to the jury, Miss Starr won all fair minds to their side by declaring:

> Anyone who knows anything about the work of a waitress ought to feel sympathy with these girls. A girl will make possibly $12.00 a week on an average. This is counting their tips. [The Henrici girls received a weekly wage of $8.00.] And this average is bound to be most discouraging to the one whose average is below $12.00. If she makes a mistake with an order, or a customer is displeased with the order and sends it back, the waitress must pay for it and may not even have it for her own meal. Then she must pay thirty cents a day to her bus boy, and if she does not, she is bound not to get adequate service in the clearing of her tables and making them ready for the new customer. Besides this, she must pay five cents apiece for each apron she has laundered in the place.

Having stated so much to be true and verified by her own investigation, Miss Starr startled the jury by her ringing challenge: "Now, figure up just how much she can make, and when you have done that, figure up, if you can, how she can live on it."

At this trial Miss Starr was defended by "one Mr. Harold Ickes," then a rising young lawyer in Chicago. Mr. Ickes donated his services as his contribution to the cause of "fair labor conditions." The trial of so prominent a civic and social worker, who had been known and admired in Chicago for her good works for more than twenty-five years, naturally created a great sensation, and hence much favorable publicity for the strikers. Miss Starr was a very frail little woman, probably never weighing much over a hundred pounds; and her manners and speech were not only impeccable, but elegant, as indeed was everything else about her exquisite person. It was therefore a hilarious moment in the court-room when the officer who had arrested her declared that "she had attacked him with violence" and had "tried to frighten him" from the discharge of his duty (*i.e.,* from arresting the girls) by telling him to "leave them girls be!" Miss Starr's version of it was delivered to the jury, according to the newspaper accounts, "with a ready smile which was

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wholly and unswervingly on duty during all of her testimony." She testified as follows:

> I maintain the right of free speech. I maintain the right of organization for working people. I maintain the right of peaceful picketing, and I was there in front of Henrici's on March 2 to see fair play, to prevent brutality if I could by my presence, and to make formal protest against illegal arrest. All I said was, "As an American citizen, I protest against the arrest of these persons who are doing nothing contrary to the law." I did not jump into the air, or shake my fists about, as was charged, nor did I shout or make any commotion. I spoke in as even a tone as I could command. My act was a formal protest born of my sympathies and my desire to do what I believed was for the right. I said what I said for the benefit of whomever it might concern. I should do so again if I felt so inclined.

And to be sure, she did feel so inclined again and again during the long strike of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America which took place the following year. On this occasion she was placed in charge of all the picketing activity. Since in this strike there were many factories, tailoring shops and stores to be picketed, Miss Starr could not be everywhere at once "to protect" the workers from the violence of the police, particularly the "irregular police" and the hired sluggers. She therefore enlisted whole troops of her friends —doctors, lawyers, clergymen and professors, as well as other social workers and residents at Hull House. Among those who helped in the picketing were many sympathizers from the University of Chicago—Professor and Mrs. F. R. Lillie, Dr. Edward Ames, Dr. Edith Flint, Professor Hackett Newman, Dr. Alice Hamilton and many others. Of course the more prominent the names of social and civic and academic leaders she could enlist, the more favorable the publicity she gained for the strikers' cause. Indeed, Miss Starr turned over for this cause all the stones except the geological ones within her reach. In the final printed report of the strike, drawn up by Mr. Jacob Potofsky, the strike Secretary-Treasurer, he says:

> From outside individuals [*i.e.*, other than members of the Amalgamated] Ellen Gates Starr of Hull House was the hardest worker I knew. Nothing was too hard for her; she gave and solicited funds, secured clothing, relief and shelter for individual families, was on the picket line, addressed meetings, wrote articles, interested others in our behalf. In a word, Miss Starr was one active in all phases of strike activities.

For her work in connection with this strike, Miss Starr was made an honorary life member of the Amalgamated, an association she valued to the end of her life.

Of Miss Starr's many articles, Open Letters and speeches in behalf of "fair-play for labor" we have not room here to speak; nor, alas, of the many beautiful articles written during the last twenty years of her life—her "Catholic years," Miss Starr called them (she became a Catholic in 1920). These were upon all phases of Catholic art and life from the ancient glories of Iona and Streaneshalch and Lindisfarne to the inexhaustible beauties of the Liturgy. Many of these articles were written from the bed to which Miss Starr has been confined for nearly ten years. But other and fuller accounts of this beautiful and significant life must follow. I believe that when the whole story of the life of Ellen Gates Starr is told, the entire Catholic laity of this country will unite to found a memorial fitting for her career, that the kind of Catholic living for which she has given us so glorious an example may be honored.

Britain and the Logic of War

Will the war force England to give her people free food? And will the idea spread?

By J. L. Benvenisti

ONE OF the great and highly educative adventures of this war will be that it will force England to get down to economic bedrock. I am not one of those who believe that the war will necessarily be the gateway to a better world simply because our sense of justice seems to demand that kind of consummation. The war as far as England is concerned will have achieved its purpose if it simply prevents the world from becoming a lot worse. But it is certainly going to turn the whole material apparatus of living inside out, and in the course of that we are bound to learn something.

In many ways a very considerable educative process has been going on ever since 1918. For instance a great many people today have a pretty

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good notion of the nature of money, and I do not think it will be possible for the abominable ramp of the last war to be repeated. Twenty-five years ago, it will be remembered, the World War enabled British bankers to saddle their country with an overwhelming debt against which they cannot possibly be considered to have given an equivalent consideration, £1,500 millions (a sum equivalent to 138 percent of their pre-war deposits) was created by the banks out of nothing, and with this money of their own creation they acquired earning assets bearing an average rate of interest of 5 percent. This in itself might not have been so monstrous since prices were rising and the national money income was expanding, so that the debts of the nation to the banking system continued to bear approximately the same relation to the national income as before. The real iniquity occurred after the war when the pound, which had sunk to half its original value, was revalued upward at the bankers' instigation. As a result of this banks and other creditors suddenly doubled the value of their debt titles and were able to claim repayment to the value of two pounds where only one pound had been lent.

Cheap money

Now I do not think that a piece of robbery of this kind (for it was nothing less) is in the least likely to be repeated. Indeed the whole situation as far as the lending of money is concerned has undergone a radical change. Not only has the technique of cheap money been very considerably developed during the last few years, but the spade work done by a numerous body of writers is having its effect and is leading to a clarification of all the various principles involved. For instance it is now realized (and has indeed been pointed out in a Government pamphlet) that the notion of the war burden being shifted on to the shoulders of posterity is an illusion and that wars can only be paid for out of the sacrifices of the present.

This truth may be pretty elementary, but the fact remains that the great mass of people did not see it twenty-five years ago and that they do see it now. Of course if we were really thoroughgoing we should refuse to pay any interest at all on our war time borrowing. But the fact remains that we are not as thoroughgoing as all that yet. It seems pretty evident that borrowing in the approved manner will play a considerable part in the financing of this war, but at least we can be quite certain that exorbitant interest rates will neither be tolerated nor achieved. Financial circles seem to be agreed that this is to be a "3 percent war." It may well be a "2 percent war" and even 3 percent is a very different thing from 5. Actually the *Economist*, our most serious and reputable economic weekly, has openly demanded that loans to the Government of bank-created money shall be remunerated with only just sufficient interests to cover administration costs; the figure of ½ percent has been suggested. That demand may not be fulfilled, but that it should have been made in such a quarter is profoundly significant of the trend of opinion.

Meliorative processes have thus quite definitely been going on and their effect is now beginning to be felt. Indeed we may claim that the lessons of the last war and its aftermath have completed one stage in our progress toward economic reasonableness. Usury is not yet defeated, but it is becoming something of a depressed industry.

The war's lessons

The lessons that this war will teach us are rather different ones, but they will be lessons with a peculiarly Catholic interest. Their nature has perhaps not yet been fully realized because at the moment comparatively few people have got this war properly into focus. The Prime Minister in his Mansion House speech stated that the people of this country do not yet know what they are up against—and it is true. They are still thinking in terms of the free economy of wage bargaining and desperately on the defensive against any attack on their hardly won standards of living. Such an attitude is bound to change in the near future when the true facts of the situation become apparent. Although her full war effort is not yet nearly deployed, Britain is already spending over six million pounds a day. By the end of this year, thanks to the exigencies of modern war, she will almost certainly be spending ten. This means that the nation will be incurring an expenditure equivalent to about five dollars a day in respect of every family that it contains.*

Such a burden is altogether without precedent. The sum involved is more than half the national income, so that when normal state services are taken into account the Government will be taking well over sixty percent of the nation's income. (I may add that these figures are not my own. They are those of our leading economists, whose estimates agree with one another within an extremely narrow margin.)

How is this huge bill to be met? By and large after all possible economies have been made through the cutting down of capital expenditure, and after a very considerable annual depletion of the national holdings in gold and foreign securities, the population is faced with the necessity (on which again economists are pretty well agreed) of cutting its consumption by forty percent—perhaps by more.

Such a cut would not necessarily mean a depriva-

* There are approximately ten million families. Total expenditures at peak £10—£12 millions a day.

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tion of essential goods. The first things to go would be certain services. Thus one of the most expensive luxuries of a civilized Western people is its wide range of consumer-choice. An obvious economy here is the introduction of standardization, and indeed we have already been warned to expect standardized clothing. The prospect is not a pleasant one, though it is ridiculous to suppose that it cannot be contemplated without heroic fortitude.

There are however many other amenities which will have to go. We shall have to put up with infrequent and overcrowded transport, rationed heating (rationed hot baths?), reduced laundry service, etc. Rationed food we have of course already. In short, whether by the direct taxing back of our money income, or by a rationing system which will leave us with nothing to spend it on, or, what is most likely of all, by a combination of the two, we must all shortly be reduced to that bare level of subsistence which will just enable us to maintain our health and physical vigor.

I am in all this of course assuming that the British Government will take the course indicated by the logic of the hour and by the unanimous advice of the economists and assume complete direction of the country's consumption, and that it will not leave the desired results to be achieved imperfectly and inequitably by a price inflation. But I think that expert opinion has been too definite for there to be any doubt as to the course that will be chosen.

The fruits

Now it is here that the situation becomes from the Catholic point of view so extremely interesting. For if we are all reduced to bare subsistence then it is obvious that the net income of the wage-earner can no longer be the market rate for a particular job. That income will have to be assessed by the needs of that particular wage-earner and of his dependents. In other words the state or some other agency while making deductions from one wage-earner's income will be compelled to add, and sometimes add substantially, to that of another. A wage that would support a family is affluence for a single man, and, conversely, the subsistence wage of a single man is starvation for a family.

In normal times this problem is continually before us. We tolerate the starvation because of the existence of the affluence, and the trade unions themselves in their desire to secure a standard of living that at least for a minority will be well above subsistence have always steadily opposed the obvious remedy of a family allowance. They have done this because they realize that if family subsistence is guaranteed, subsistence and no more than subsistence will tend to be the rule for all.

The logic of war is bound to change this. For war, and particularly this war, will for the period of its duration make it impossible for us to tolerate people living much beyond subsistence level. But if the single wage-earner is depressed by subsistence, we must obviously do something for the great mass of family wage-earners who, if the single wage-earner's pay were taken as the standard, would obviously fall back to starvation level.

As I have already pointed out, the prejudice against family allowances openly paid in cash is so strong that this expedient is unlikely to be adopted, though of course there can be no certainty in the matter. But an extremely interesting alternative is being suggested which is really a sort of family allowance in disguise. This is the free distribution of basic foods.

The plan is for a deduction to be made at source from every man's income. It has been estimated that if proper use is made of rationalization and standardization, a deduction of as little as one shilling and ninepence in the pound, or approximately 8 percent, will suffice to work the scheme for bread, meat and fats.

My own conviction is that in one form or another this scheme will be adopted. Indeed with the avowed object of checking an inflationary price rise the Government has just announced its intention of subsidizing food to the amount of a million pounds a week. Though existing prices will still have to be paid and though the citizen will as yet get nothing free, the principle is nevertheless a revolutionary one and may well be the thin end of the wedge.

If the free distribution of food does materialize, as I certainly think it will, the question we naturally ask ourselves is whether such a measure will outlive the war. I must confess that I can see no reason for objecting to it on the grounds of morals or expediency. As a matter of moral principle the thing is of course already established. Most modern states have machinery established to ensure that no individual shall actually want for food, but they for the most part make the means of obtaining it so repulsive and humiliating that the average man will do almost anything rather than set about obtaining it. The reason for making these conditions is obviously one of expediency. We are afraid that if we make it simple and easy for people to obtain free food they will refuse to work.

I believe that this is absurd. Man lives not by bread alone, nor even by bread, meats and fats even in the purely material and unscriptural sense —at least civilized Western man does not do so. The urge toward gracious and civilized living, that instinct which a hundred utterances of the Church have stamped as praiseworthy and good, is in Western man so strong that he will not rest until it obtains reasonable satisfaction. The minority who would content themselves with mere

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animal sustenance and refuse to do any work is so small that they do not count.

I therefore look forward to the time when the free provision of food will be taken as much for granted as the provision of a sewage system and when we shall treat as black superstition the belief that any useful social purpose is served by the warping and destroying anxiety engendered by the threat of starvation. "Only then will the social organism achieve its end when it secures for all and each those goods which the wealth and resources of nature, technical achievement and the social organization of economic affairs can give." It seems to me that these new and revolutionary measures do no more than fall into line with this great pronouncement of the Encyclical.

Buyer in Wonderland

The day of the wooden nutmeg is far from passed: today they come on every store counter.

By Evelyn Miller Crowell

YOU PROBABLY think of yourself as a "good buyer." Most of us do, whether we admit it or not. But just how much do you really know about the articles you buy? By way of testing yourself, can you identify linine, nylon, and lanital? If you were going to buy a fur coat and were shown one which was described as "sea lion" would you know what it was? If you go into your neighborhood grocery and ask for "some tomato juice" and are told that they carry at least 12 different brands, which come in 21 different size containers and at 15 different prices, have you any way of determining which is the best buy? Do you know what is meant by bellmanizing, martinizing, sanforizing, superizing, duralizing, tebilizing, sheltonizing, warconizing, and salinsizing?

These are just a few of the puzzles which confront the present-day American shopper. According to testimony introduced at recent hearings of the Temporary National Economic Committee (Monopoly Investigating Committee to most of us) in Washington, a really good buyer should be grounded in several branches of chemistry, an authority on weights and measures, a lightning calculator, an economist and the possessor of a card-index memory. And, to judge from the testimony of experts, there are times when even these qualifications will prove insufficient and only clairvoyancy will serve.

Let's begin with food, which at least one member of every household must purchase every day in the year. In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a medium sized American city, the shopper must choose from:

31 brands of canned milk
142 brands of coffee
95 brands of tomato juice
177 brands of table butter
109 brands of peanut butter

And what do the brands mean? If we accept the testimony of the witnesses, they mean very little. Mrs. Paul S. Roller, of Berwyn, Maryland, chairman of the consumers' section of College Park American Association of University Women and chairman of the consumers' section of Prince George's County General Federation of Women's Clubs, introduced a chart showing the variations in quality of canned fruits and vegetables sold under the same brand in three cities. This was based upon a report of the Federal Trade Commission relative to quality of canned fruits and vegetables. According to Mrs. Roller: ". . . when ten or more samples of a particular brand were tested, we have 100 percent variation. That meant that all of the sample fell into more than one grade. . . . This shows that brand is not always a reliable guide to the quality in canned fruits and vegetables."

The intricate system of labeling employed by many of the canners sounds like something out of Gilbert and Sullivan. It might be laughed off if it did not affect the pocketbooks of so many millions of Americans. For instance, one concern uses a black band on the can to designate "fancy," and blue and white labels, respectively, to designate "choice" and "de luxe." There is a difference in the size in the "choice" and the "de luxe," but there is nothing on the label to show this. The "choice" and the "de luxe" are the same grade, but neither is as good as "fancy." It was pointed out that anyone who has the desire and the time may write to this packer and receive a chart explaining his system of labeling. But having done so, it would be necessary to memorize the chart, or to carry it around in your purse for reference while shopping, with eight other customers waiting. But even if you do this, you'll still know about only one of the multitude of brands.

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Price no indication

Price, we are told, is no criterion. Dr. Ruth W. Ayers, economist, testified that, in the matter of tomato juice: "The cheapest buy is in the largest size can, the most expensive is in the smallest size can, but when you come to the two intermediate size cans, the thing is simply reversed and it is cheaper to buy in the second size than in the third." Of 21 different containers she had examined, she pointed out that there were 17 different sizes when measured by size of container, 15 different sizes if measured by volume, and 16 rates of price if you relate it to ten ounces of tomato juice. All very simple.

The bargain hunter may be shocked to learn that in a "special sale" the regular size can is often removed from the shelves of the grocery and a smaller one substituted. It seems too good to be true, but the product cited at the hearing was apple sauce. The usual price was two for 15 cents. These cans contained one pound five ounces. For the special sale they were removed and cans with identical labels substituted. These cans contained one pound two ounces. And they sold for five cents.

Two sample loaves of bread were offered. The brand and the label were identical. The small loaf weighed 16 ounces and sold for nine cents. The larger loaf weighed 18 ounces and sold for 12 cents. Result: you received only two ounces more for three cents.

Packaged commodities, it was explained, are not only somewhat higher in price, to cover the cost of the container, but lend themselves readily to deception in the matter of off-sizes. A check of nine products put out by a large distributor showed that only two of the nine items were in full-weight packages.

Mr. Dexter Masters, director of the Publications Union of the U. S. A., Inc., New York, used milk as the lead-off in his discussion of using price as a guide in buying. Said he: "The basis of my testimony here is two separate tests we have made to discover the difference, if any, between Grade A and Grade B milk in New York City. Grade A, as you know, costs three cents more. . . . We took 57 samples of Grade A and Grade B of the two leading brands distributed in New York City. In bacteria count, which is a reflection of the handling of the milk, the purity of it, we found no difference." In the matter of butter fat, he testified that "the average difference in butter fat between Grade A and Grade B was about half a teaspoonfull of butter" (per quart of milk), and added: "On that basis, if you bought butter three cents for half a teaspoon, it would cost about $8 a pound." Both the Grade A and Grade B milk examined met the requirements as to bacteria count and butter fat content; the point he offered was that the only real difference was in the matter of price. And the mother who might stint herself or eliminate other important items from the family budget in order to give her children Grade A rather than Grade B milk would seem to be doing so unnecessarily. The difference of three cents a quart for milk may not seem much to those of us who can buy magazines, but what about those others—42 percent of all the families in the United States—whose income is under $1,000 a year? And they are the families where there are lots of children who do, or should, drink milk.

The would-be intelligent shopper faces the same sort of difficulties in turning from food to other household commodities. For instance, the housewife wants to buy a vacuum cleaner. Mr. Masters introduced three vacuum cleaners, priced at $29, $60 and $80. All three had been tested by the Electrical Testing Laboratories. And here are the findings, as reported by Mr. Masters: "Now there was a difference between the machines. The $29 one lacked some gadgets, the streamlining was not quite so proficient as on the $80 machine, but in all material respects and all important respects on the basis of use value, the purpose for which the vacuum cleaner is bought, the $29 one was not only a better cleaner at the price, but a better cleaner at any price."

How is the housewife to know this? Not knowing, what does she do? What she often does is to buy the most widely advertised product.

Advertising addicts

We are, it appears, still a nation of advertising addicts. We may deny it, but we buy the product with the familiar name, at whatever the cost to us. Mr. L. R. Walker, of Sears, Roebuck & Company, who stated on the stand that "we are the largest advertisers in this country, in addition to spending eight million dollars a year on catalogs," testified: "We have a tooth paste for 19 cents that is the same tooth paste that is sold in our stores under different brands for around 49 cents."

The day before Mr. Jerome W. Ephraim, manufacturer, had testified as to his difficulties in launching a new tooth paste. He had gone into the matter very thoroughly. His tooth paste was approved by the Council of Therapeutics of the American Dental Association which, he said, listed only one of the ten leading brands of nationally advertised tooth paste. Several of the others had been dropped because they contained ingredients which were known to be harmful, he declared. Some contained coarse products which might scratch the enamel of the teeth; others contained sodium perborate, which, he explained, burns the mucus membranes of the mouth if used too frequently, being fine for trench mouth but not for everyday use. But Mr. Ephraim was told by all of the retailers he approached that he'd have to create a market for his tooth paste by national advertising, and the advertising agencies told him

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that a minimum price for such a campaign would be $100,000.

Tooth paste is sold by the popularity of its advertising slogan, as are various other articles. Mr. Ephraim said his tooth paste could be sold to the consumer for half the price of the ten leading brands of tooth paste which enjoy 90 percent of the market. The Federal Trade Commission has moved in on some of the firms for their false claims in advertising, but with a slight change in phraseology, they go merrily on.

What are linine, nylon, lanital?

Now let's go back to some of the tests propounded in the first paragraph of this article. *Can* you identify linine, nylon and lanital? Well, linine is a fabric which contains no linen at all. Nylon is a substitute for silk used in the manufacture of hosiery. The ingredients are coal, water and air! Lanital is a so-called "wool fabric," the basis for which is casein, or skimmed milk.

Modern science has accomplished miracles for which we should be duly grateful, but in so doing it has placed new problems in the path of the buyer. There is a whole category of names so new that the average buyer hasn't had a chance to become familiar with them. The list beginning with bellmanizing and ending with salinsizing refers to new textiles, or new finishes for textiles long known.

The importance of being able to identify the material you buy, either in piece goods or a finished garment, rests in knowing what you can do with it. Some of the new materials wash or clean well and some don't. It makes a lot of difference if you are counting pennies. The average buyer is unable to tell one from the other. And, unfortunately, the average sales girl, with the best of intentions, doesn't know much, if anything, more about them.

Aside from the new names for new fabrics, there are other names, not so new, which seem to have been chosen with the definite purpose of confusing the buyer. For instance, there are hats made from a rice paper product in imitation of real Panama hats. They are called "Toyo Panama" and "Formosa Panama." How many buyers know what these hyphenated Panamas mean?

There is "Philippine mahogany" furniture, which isn't mahogany at all. There is "Austrian wool" and "Saxon wool," neither of which comes from either place, and isn't wool. And there is "sea lion," which is just plain dyed rabbit.

It is our good fortune that there are still, in the United States, many who can afford to be gypped and laugh about it, however wryly. But there are many more who cannot afford this luxury: families who must get the maximum value for each precious dollar or suffer correspondingly.

In this labyrinth of labels and brands and grades and new names and advertising ballyhoo, what is the poor buyer to do? What, if anything, beyond the blind groping that most of us do, is the solution?

A solution

In a summation, at the conclusion of the hearing on consumer problems before the TNEC, Mr. D. E. Montgomery, Consumers' Counsel, Agricultural Adjustment Administration, cited certain recommendations, urged upon the Committee by the witnesses who had appeared.

First on the list was a request that standards of consumer goods "whereby their quality and usefulness for consumers may be accurately described may be made available for use in the sale of such goods," and that the definition of such standards should be undertaken by the Government. Next came a demand that the sizes of packages in which foods are sold to customers be standardized, to eliminate confusion and deception.

Included in the list of recommendations was a proposal, made in February, 1938, by a number of consumer spokesmen, that a central agency of consumer services be established in the Federal Government. In the preamble to this proposal, it is stated that: "The interests of labor, business and agriculture are each represented in the central administration of our government. The consumer has no comparable representation. . . . The growing complexity of our economic life leaves the consumer in a progressively worse bargaining position. Only an expert can judge the relative worth and value of goods made by new techniques and processes. . . . The wage-earner's or farmer's bargain for his income is of little or no avail if his wife's bargain over the counter is ineffectual."

The proposal points out that while several departments of the Federal Government now have bureaus which afford limited types of assistance to consumers, "none takes into account, nor do they collectively take into account, the consumers' total position." On this basis it was urged that a central service agency for consumers be established which would:

1. Initiate proceedings for the definition of standards and qualities of consumer goods . . . and check the use of such standards in the labeling of consumer goods.
2. Would conduct research and collect and publish information of value to consumers.
3. Would represent the consumer before regulatory bodies and in the administration of laws vitally affecting consumer interests.
4. And would cooperate with an advisory interdepartmental committee for the coordination and extension of consumer services now being performed in the other departments.

Those who have an aversion to the creation of

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still more government agencies may rush to announce that there are already hundreds of consumer organizations. And so there are. And, according to witnesses who appeared before the Committee, some of these consumer organizations are doing excellent jobs. But their scope is limited. And, according to the witnesses, many bewildered buyers have put their faith in consumer organizations which have turned out to be phony. Several of these were cited as being financed by manufacturers, retailers and other too-interested parties.

What will be done remains for the future. In discussion of the possible effect of a reform which would give the buyer simple, accurate information as to what he or she was buying, the following authorities are quoted:

Dr. Isador Lubin, US Commissioner of Labor Statistics: ". . . Would it be an exaggeration to say that if this information were available and consumers took advantage of it, the standard of living would be increased by at least 10 percent by and large throughout the country?"

Mr. L. R. Walker, of Sears, Roebuck & Company, replying: "Oh, much more than that. I would say 25 percent."

The Necessary Shore

The swan kneels upon the waters,
Breast most proud against the lake,
The question curving proudly and the tall eyes remote:

That is how the human dream can move—
The swan glows along the black night lake,
The second half of beauty flowing dimly like a second prow.
Now the bird with swift drawn feet
That ply a secret rhythm, that pedal secret music
Nears the necessary shore.

The underhalf of beauty low and awkward
Difficultly heaves upon the land.
The webbed feet of common hours spread and plod,
The woven toes weave the slime,
The swan wanders on the brown earth in sober duty,
Soon will take one mate upon the lake,
Returning, mated, to the charm of waters—
Only if you leave unstrung the final arrow hanging at your back.
You are called a hideous name
And your narrow monstrous missile has its evil uses,
Such as singing through the throats of swans.

The onyx waters wash and wander empty,
The mud is marked with one white thing,
One toppled whiteness tempting. . . .
That is how the dream must leave the silk waters
For the homespun shore.

S. Raiziss.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IN THIS COLUMN in our issue of March 1, I quoted Dorothy Thompson's quotation from an article by John Chamberlain in *The New Republic* dealing with American youth as a text for a few remarks, and in doing so I fell into the very trap against which I was warning my readers in the second part of that very article—the trap of the unverified quotation. I used Miss Thompson's quotation of the following sentence from an article by Mr. Chamberlain on his tour through a large part of the country, in which he talked with many young people mainly about the wars now raging. "The boys and girls tend to distrust all slogans, all tags—*even all words.* They will not easily fall for any crusader unless his promises can be translated into jobs, security, prospects for the future, a chance to study and learn and an extension of traditional American civil liberties." I have received a letter from Mr. Chamberlain which shows that in using Mr. Chamberlain's words, as translated by Miss Thompson, without reading the whole of the Chamberlain article, I aided in giving publicity to an interpretation of its author's meaning which that author heartily repudiates:

"I must protest against Dorothy Thompson's misinterpretation of my *New Republic* article. To begin with, she de-italicized the part of my sentence reading, *'and an extension of traditional American civil liberties.'* Then she italicized the phrase, 'even all words.' The kids I talked to have *reasons* for wishing to keep the United States out of the war. They may be bad reasons, or they may be good reasons. But they are reasons, and may be expressed in language. Obviously, when I used the phrase, 'even all words,' I was paying tribute to the watchfulness of the young. The beginning of doubt is the beginning of wisdom—*provided* that it leads to a reasoned view of the good life. I don't know whether the kids I talked to will end up with a worth-while view of the good life; but neither does Dorothy Thompson know that they won't.

"In any case, what I resented about D. T.'s column was her use of my words to support a piece on the Youth Congress. I didn't like the manifestations of the Youth Congress, which I suspect was manipulated by Stalinists. Dorothy Thompson knows that I am not a Communist, nor anything approaching a Communist. But she used me in such a way as to make it appear that I support the American Youth Congress. The kids I talked to around the country were not members of youth groups—they were just average kids picked by guess and a cross-section-poll instinct. Most of them would probably vote to condemn Russia's treatment of Finland. Most of them, too, would vote to keep the United States out of the war on the ground that participation would lead to a collapse that might plunge us into a brutalitarian fascism of our own. Again I say the kids may be wrong in their analysis. But they should not be tarred with the brush that is applicable to the Stalinists in the American Youth Congress. I said:

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'They (the youth) will not easily fall for any crusader unless his promises can be translated into jobs, etc.' Hell, what do you want? Do you want them to fall for crusaders whose promises *can't* be translated into anything?"

So I must apologize, and do, to Mr. Chamberlain, and acknowledge that I have been hoist with my own petard —grumbling about the habit of many writers of using unverified quotations, and promptly proving the point of its danger myself. It would appear that Mr. Chamberlain's complaint against Miss Thompson is largely based upon an ambiguous use of italics. A subtle point; but niceties of the sort can be tremendously important. The Biblical scholars who have fought over the Johannine comma, and the theologians who brought about the schism of the Orthodox Church from Rome because of their disputes over one little word in the Creed, well know what world-shaking results may flow from apparently very subtle points of language. An unmended crack of the very tiniest kind in a dyke or dam may wreck a city. Well, it is always stimulating and usually instructive to read John Chamberlain's views, and I shall look forward to his forthcoming book, "The American Stakes," with added interest.

Communications

PROBLEMS OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: There is a type of reasoning current in some Catholic educational writing today that must be disturbing to those of us who teach in the public school system. It seems to take the form of condemning as "atheistic" any educational philosophy set forth by a non-Catholic.

All Dr. O'Connell's book proved, to my mind, was merely that Dewey, Thorndike, Kilpatrick *et al* are not of the Catholic Faith. But this we knew long ago.

Similarly in Isabel C. Devine's letter (March 1) we have Dr. Thayer taken to task for "striving to bring into being a religious devotion to the ethical and moral principles embraced in democratic living." Surely no Catholic scholar should give the impression that there is anything inconsistent with Catholic philosophy in such an objective.

Are we not reconciled yet to the fact that there must be certain fundamental differences between the philosophy that molds a parochial school system and that which molds a public school system? These differences, however, need not interfere with our efforts to develop in both systems sound ethical and moral principles. . . .

JOHN J. DONOHUE.

SCIENCE MARCHES ON

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Mr. William M. Agar in his review of "Science Marches On" by Walter Shepherd (February 23) states that the author incorporates the results of anthropological and archeological research to refute the fallacy that modern man's belligerency is an instinct inherited from animal ancestors. Primitive man is portrayed as a peaceful timid creature with war a development unheard of until seven or eight thousand years ago. Elsewhere in the same book the author suggests that the subhuman Neanderthal race may have been exterminated by the true-human Cro-Magnons about twenty thousand years ago. These views are certainly inconsistent.

THEODORE M. AVERY, JR.

THE PERPETUAL SACRIFICE

San Antonio, Tex.

TO the Editors: I fail to see that the letter of Mr. Maurice Lavanoux in your issue of March 1, in relation to the motion picture "The Perpetual Sacrifice," can serve any good purpose. On the contrary, it can do much harm and retard the good work the picture is already doing in teaching and enlightening both Catholic and non-Catholic alike in the real and deeper meaning of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and of Catholic truth and dogma in general.

Those of us who were associated in producing "The Perpetual Sacrifice" were definitely sincere in our purpose to be of service to the Church and to do our bit by adding to its facilities for imparting religious instruction. It is therefore most discouraging to read criticisms such as appeared in your columns and those of *Liturgical Arts,* and which fail to offer one single constructive suggestion.

We are perfectly aware of the picture's lack of real perfection and its absence of professional actors. But to many of those priests and religious educators who have already seen and used the film in their parishes and schools, the lack of these elements is in reality its chief charm. To them the absence of "professionalism" is an asset, and only serves to emphasize the reverent attitude and undoubted sincerity of the Catholic players, who had no other purpose in taking parts than to lend their aid to a work of Catholic Action.

All of this was overlooked by your own critic and Mr. Lavanoux when they reviewed the picture, and apparently they were not even impressed with the reverence and dignity of the sublime subject matter which many bishops and priests have commented upon so favorably.

Frankly, I feel your correspondent is carrying the *Liturgical Arts* idea too far in his criticism of "The Perpetual Sacrifice," especially in reference to the altar used, which, by the way, is the High Altar of the Shrine of the Little Flower in San Antonio. Surely the good Lord and His Recording Angel are far more concerned with the disposition of the celebrant of the Mass and that of the people in the pews than to the type of altar used or to the number of candles burning or to the position of the priest's hands at the *Pater Noster* or any other part of the Mass.

Mr. Lavanoux in saying of "The Perpetual Sacrifice": "many of its details are of the kind that should be kept away from youngsters in our Catholic schools," sets himself up as the guardian of the Church's young in America. It does so happen that priests and bishops have permitted the film in their parishes and dioceses, and have moreover recommended it warmly as an educational, doctrinal and devotional influence.

We are not demanding that the Church in America or

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Canada take the picture, but are advertising it in a legitimate way, that those who want such a picture, may take it. Mr. Lavanoux steps beyond the boundary even of Liturgy and *Liturgical Arts,* when he wants to speak for every diocese, every bishop and every pastor.

W. H. S. Foster,
President, Religious Films, Inc.

New York, N. Y.

To the *Editors*: In answering the letters from Marie Duff (March 8) and W. H. S. Foster, may I say at once that in my original letter I spoke only for myself and based my remarks upon the intrinsic merits or demerits of "The Perpetual Sacrifice" as I see them.

It is getting to be very tiresome, as far as I am concerned, to find people justifying results on the basis of the excellence of intentions rather than on the results themselves. I could not for an instant deny that the intentions of the makers of this film are excellent. Of course, its "purpose . . . is noble" and its "execution . . . is earnest." But such considerations do not in the least indicate whether the film itself is successful.

My criticism of this moving picture was twofold: it is amateurish, by which I mean that its lack of technical perfection distracts the spectator's attention from the importance of the subject matter and makes "the reverence and dignity of the sublime subject" less reverent and less dignified than I think it should be. I fail to understand how the absence of "professionalism" is ever an asset. Such an absence may occasionally be necessary because of circumstances; but if the resulting product has any merit it is *despite* the absence of professionalism and not because of it. In this case I don't see why circumstances made amateurishness necessary. In dealing with so tremendous and important a subject in a nation which excels in the production of moving pictures, there is very little reason for amateurishness.

My second criticism was based on the fact that the appurtenances connected with the celebration of the Mass shown in the picture are incorrect according to the rubrics and perpetuate a bad tradition which is not the tradition that best accords with the mind of the Church. This tradition is the commoner one, however, in the United States. It thus proves nothing to say that the altar used is the high altar of a specific shrine.

Of course religion does not have to have cathedrals; but if it can afford cathedrals, it should have them. And if the Church has set up rules for the appurtenances to be used in connection with the Sacrifice of the Mass, I fail to understand why these rules should be considered irrelevant. This is no question of taste; it is a question of the legislation of the appropriate authorities of the Church. If either Mrs. Duff or Mr. Foster will examine any standard work on the performance of the liturgy—Fortescue and Wapelhorst are the most readily available—they will get a clearer idea of what I mean.

I am all for Botticellis in home-made frames, but I fail to see anything resembling Botticelli in "The Perpetual Sacrifice."

Maurice Lavanoux.

The Stage & Screen

Leave Her to Heaven

IT IS always good to welcome back from Hollywood a star of former days, and when that star has been away for a good fifteen years she is doubly welcome. Ruth Chatterton was in her day one of the most charming of our ingenues, and her return has proved at least that her charm is still there, and her pathos and her sureness of touch. Neither her personality nor her acting has been harmed by her years on the screen. She still has that evanescent wistfulness, that latent feeling, that distilled femininity which she showed in the days when she made her first Broadway fame in "Come Out of the Kitchen." Whether or not she has gained more than that it is impossible to say, for the play she chose to appear in gave her no opportunity to show more. Why she chose that play may well be asked. Perhaps it was that stars like long parts which run the gamut of the emotions; perhaps it was that this star was fooled into the belief that a well known playwright is always a good one. Mr. John Van Druten has written some excellent plays: "Young Woodley," "There's Always Juliet," "The Distaff Side," plays of charm of dialogue, sensitivity of feeling and deftness of execution. But, alas, "Leave Her to Heaven" has none of these qualities. It tells the sordid story of the love of a woman for her chauffeur, the murder of the woman's husband by her lover and the woman's final suicide. Such things sometimes happen in life, and probably happen just as Mr. Van Druten has set down; but set down this way, badly, photographically, without passing through the fires of the imagination, they are merely shilling-shockers, that awful type of amusement beloved by the British lower middle classes. "Leave Her to Heaven" is a shilling-shocker, and Mr. Van Druten ought to be ashamed of having written it, and Miss Chatterton of having played it.

Dwight Deere Wiman has given it the best in production and acting. Edmond O'Brien plays the chauffeur a little loudly perhaps, but I'm inclined to think the way it should be played, and such excellent players as Francis Compton, Reynolds Denniston, Franklin Fox, Hilda Plowright, Bettina Cerf, Margaret Moffat, Harry Sothern and Neil Fitzgerald are in the cast. The warmest applause of the evening, however, went to A. G. Andrews both on his delightful entrance and his exit. What a splendid actor of the old school he is, as vital at eighty-two as a boy of twenty. With the skillful help of Esther Mitchell, who is far from eighty, but who can play parts of any age, Mr. Andrews lifted the play momentarily out of the slough of despond. And after having said that Miss Chatterton never should have played the part of the wife, let me add she played it admirably, and at times even made us feel sympathy for a character in reality only a little this side of an idiot. It showed what Miss Chatterton could do if she only had the proper play. It is to be hoped that next time she will not choose a "vehicle"

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but a play. It isn't the length of the part, but the quality of it which will bring her back into the position she deserves in the legitimate theatre. *(At the Longacre Theatre.)*

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Men and Women against Death

"VIGIL IN THE NIGHT," based on A. J. Cronin's novel, is at disadvantage by being released at the same time as Pare Lorentz's documentary film, *"The Fight for Life,"* adapted from the maternal welfare chapters in Paul de Kruif's book. Neither is entertainment; both emphasize strongly the medical profession's need and struggle to improve itself and educate its own members as well as the general public. But the synthetic qualities in the Cronin film, produced and directed by George Stevens with a weak script played in a monotonously subdued tone, its "stacked-card" story, obvious acting and clumsy editing, contrast with the real thing in the picture written, directed and produced by Lorentz, in which a young interne, shocked by the death of a mother in childbirth, studies obstetrics under two doctors in Chicago's slums. In "Vigil in the Night," good nurse Carole Lombard takes the blame when the negligence of her sister, bad nurse Anne Shirley, causes the death of a patient. Later Nurse Lombard averts a serious blunder in an operation, heroically helps the victims of a bus accident, stays up all night listening to uninspired Dr. Brian Aherne, finally tends a wardful of children suffering from cerebro-spinal fever in the hospital that discharged her because its board-head made a pass at her. The grim realism of "The Fight for Life" is brought out by the sincere performances of actors who are not movie stars and afraid of losing glamor, by the pregnant women who come to the medical center for attention, by such startling statements as: "Almost as many women die in childbirth today as 25 years ago," by the unsanitary hovels into which these doctors go to deliver babies, by the harmony of the simple script with Floyd Crosby's expert photography and Louis Gruenberg's effective music.

Laurence Stallings and Talbot Jennings, in making a good screenplay from Kenneth Robert's *"Northwest Passage,"* wisely limited themselves to the first part of the novel, the 1759 expedition of Rogers's Rangers to wipe out the Abenaki Indians at St. Francis. Their script, Hunt Stromberg's production, King Vidor's dynamic direction and the convincing acting of an almost all-male cast, led by Spencer Tracy, in another of those tremendously moving performances that win him Oscars, combine to make a patriotic, historical film of first caliber. Technicolor shows up at best during the out-door scenes when the excitement gets under way and the Rangers, under their courageous leader, row up the Hudson, wade through mosquito-ridden swamps, attack the "red hellions," and, on only a few handsful of corn, make their hungry way back to West Point. In one of the most exciting scenes ever filmed, the men form a human chain across a swift-flowing river. Although lack of variety is the film's outstanding fault, the excellent camera work, music and fast action prevent "Northwest Passage" from going dull.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Big Shakespeare Book

The Art and Life of William Shakespeare. Hazelton Spencer. Harcourt. $3.00.

SINCE the time the average modern reader of Shakespeare went to college, the mass of Shakespearean criticism, already large a generation ago, has been steadily increasing. In learned periodicals and books intended chiefly for professional scholars such questions as the relation between the quarto and folio texts of the plays, the place of the music-room in the Elizabethan theatre and the character of the Elizabethan villain have been discussed at length. The ordinary reader, if he is aware of this material at all, is very likely to regard it as something remote alike from life and poetry, the product of a dull and inexplicable game played by academic people. The present book is intended by its author, one of the foremost American Shakespeareans, to afford a nexus between academic criticism and the larger public to whom the poet originally addressed himself. After a chapter on Shakespeare's life and one on his medium, the plays are studied individually with a consideration of the more important problems connected with each and of the history of each on the stage and in the cinema. There is a large and suggestive bibliography and a full index.

It is safe to predict, I believe, that, although it is by no means milk for babes, the book will accomplish its purpose. Readers reared in the romantic bardolatry of the last and the first decades of the present centuries will find here a new and livelier Shakespeare, one who was not a philosopher, moralist, or psychologist of any school modern or medieval, but a masterful playwright and a poet of extraordinary gifts. Psychological and moral questions that tortured the older critics are solved simply and convincingly by reference to Elizabethan dramatic conventions. The section relating the art of Shakespeare to the Elizabethan stage should help to convert even the most hardened scoffer against academe. Since the miasmal mists of Hollywood are not quite impenetrable, the book may even do some good there.

Some Catholic readers may be disappointed to find that the theory that Shakespeare was an adherent of "the old faith" is brushed aside. At this point as often in the book, however, Professor Spencer is simply following orthodox modern scholarly opinion. Apparently he considers the recent book of the Comtesse de Chambrun too unsound for mention even in the notes he devotes to the poet's religious opinions. But, whether or not Shakespeare was a Catholic, he did live in a world that was still under the influence of traditional Christian thought. The comparative neglect of the problems which this fact raises might be a somewhat juster cause for complaint. In judging, for example, the statement that Shakespeare's tragedies "are not Christian," it is well to recall that a roseate view of man's lot *in hoc mundo,* however common it may be in twentieth-century Sunday schools, is no part of traditional Christian doctrine. On similar grounds—to cite another example—it would be possible to take exception to the interpretation of the famous speech of Prospero ("Tempest," IV, i, 170-180) which ends

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

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To find in this speech the mood of "the idealist profoundly sceptical of the reality of the physical universe, but without illusions concerning the indestructibility of personality" is to attribute to Shakespeare the mood of a philosophy unknown until the eighteenth century and an attitude toward human immortality not very common in Christendom until then. Surely, this is unnecessary when the speech can be interpreted as a magnificent restatement of two medieval commonplaces, the first of which is found, for example, in Saint Bede's *Ubi potentes saeculi? . . . Velut somnium evanuerunt,* and the second in many a medieval *dormivit in Domino* and *requiescat in pace.* Originality is a modern idol, and it is probable that Shakespeare was content to make poetry of the traditional thoughts and moods of his Christian heritage just as he was content to use traditional plots. CHARLES DONAHUE.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Dynamic Detroit. Arthur Pound. Illustrated by E. H. Suydam. Appleton. $5.00.

WRITTEN by an editorial writer of some achievement and illustrated copiously with pencil sketches by Suydam, this book is an historical apology for Detroit—"dynamic city."

Founded in 1701 by Commandant de la Mothe Cadillac, the French trading post came to assume importance because of its strategic location on the Great Lakes. Although plotters finally sent Cadillac into disgrace and broke his heart, the little fort and center he started quickly rose to a position of prominence. French rule of Detroit was wise: the French did not cheat the Indians, and they often intermarried with the real Americans.

But all this changed in 1760 when Britain was given Canada by France. British rule brought trouble—the rising of the Indian chief Pontiac. Detroit was almost wiped out by Pontiac's men, but here again, at the last moment, help arrived, and Detroit was safe for history.

From the end of the Indian days until late in the nineteenth century, Detroit's history is a procession of politicians and priests and educators and builders: the city was constantly growing, and it had little time to bother much about the past. It was during these days that Father Gabriel Richard came on the scene, and the author tells how he founded the first newspaper in Michigan and was the first representative of the people sent to Washington.

During the 1890's and 1900's, men like Ford, Olds, Dodge and Durant were remaking Detroit. The first auto factories were born, and it was not long before the city grew at a terrific pace. Came the mass production line, and with it came Negroes, hill billies ("docile" labor from the South), slums, tenements. . . .

Much as the author would like to see a deepening of culture in Detroit, one looks in vain for even its externals in modern Detroit. Today Detroit is a dirty city which has factories spread across its broad lap—factories which belch forth smoke and dirt into the rickety homes of the workers. Although Detroit had an opera and a symphony, the opera is dead and the symphony is fast dying.

The chapter on the challenge of labor is well done. But the final chapters are, as a whole, disappointing. Detroit is dynamic. Certainly! Any machine town is dynamic. But to what end is this dynamism if the city and its people have no culture? If lives are barren and wealth accumulates as men decay?

Detroiters will learn much about their city from this

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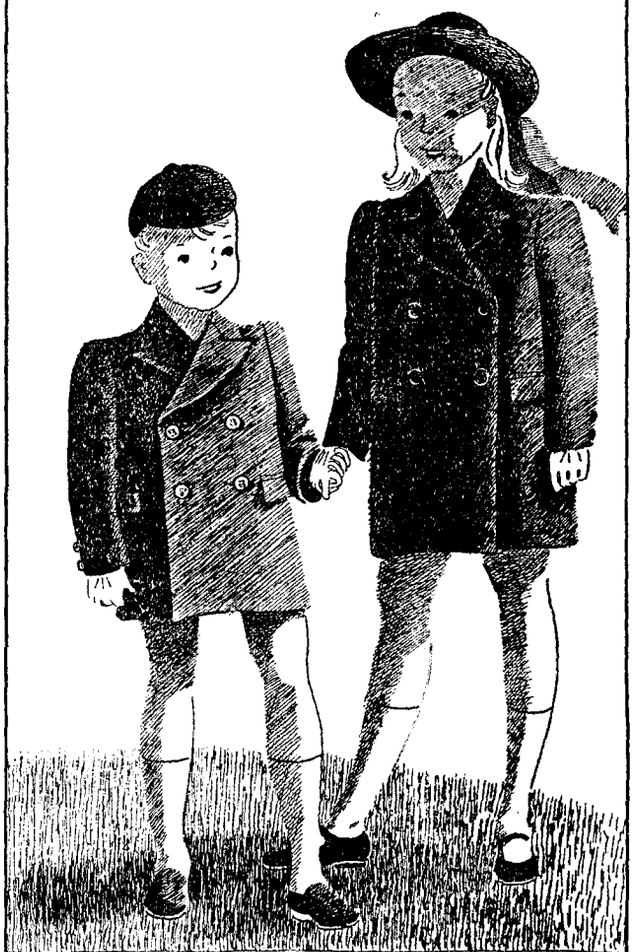

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R. L-G. DEVERALL.

These Rule France. Stanton B. Leeds. Bobbs Merrill. $3.00.

IT WOULD be too easy and it would be unfair to dismiss Mr. Leeds as an American who has lived in France long enough to become more royalist than the king. An intelligent man living abroad, if he escapes from café society, necessarily comes to understand the local aspects of world problems and when he sets himself to describe them it is right that he should take sides. A book reviewing French politicians, generals, editors, artists, playwrights, philosophers and bankers would rate no higher than a catalog unless these men were judged by a standard. In "These Rule France" the standard by which the author evaluates all French phenomena appears to be that set up by Maurras, Bainville, Daudet and the royalists. That is Mr. Leed's affair and choice.

Certainly it is not this reviewer's. But when a country is at war it is only honest to give some weight to the views of the men who foresaw the war and it cannot be denied that the nationalist point of view implies a complete logical structure which must be recognized and understood by its opponents. This book shows that view at its best in the author's treatment of the historical background; at its worst in certain personal attacks such as that on Léon Blum, which is openly offensive; at its silliest when an irrelevant worldliness permits Mr. Berry Wall, Dekobra, Cecile Sorel, the painter Domergue to lend an appearance of superficiality to a book which on the whole escapes it.

C. G. P.

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In the Groove

RECORDED organ music used to be woolly, amorphous stuff—or pure Roxy. In one of the really inspired accomplishments of modern recording, Musicraft Records has made it possible to hear the greatest of organ music, that of Johann Sebastian Bach, as it was heard in his time. The Westminster Choir College, in Princeton, after acquiring an approximation of a "baroque" organ—built by Aeolian-Skinner from designs by G. Donald Harrison and the organist Carl Weinrich—gave Musicraft its first chance to bring to life some works of Bach and his precursors. During the past year the same collaborators have produced a new, and smaller, organ, designed along the lines of the baroque instruments described by Michael Praetorius in his *Syntagma Musicum* (published in 1619). This is undoubtedly the first organ ever built with recording requirements in view. The results, as revealed in Musicraft's two volumes of Bach *Toccatas* and *Fugues* (albums 36 and 37, $6.50 and $5), are amazing. The tone of the Praetorius organ is brilliant, and the voices in these sometimes improvisatory, sometimes architectural works of Bach sound forth with wonderful clarity.

Toscanini once more produces a dynamic, intense, hard-driven reading of a classic: the *Fifth Symphony of Beethoven* (Victor album M-649, $8). For those who do not tire of this work, it is undoubtedly the definitive edition. But the NBC Symphony, Toscanini's recording orchestra, seems to be tied down to its studio in Rockefeller Center, and this hall simply does not lend itself as sonorously and spaciously to recording as it does to broadcasting. Much more brilliant is the sound of the Boston Symphony, in its own Symphony Hall, recording Debussy's *La Mer* under Serge Koussevitzky (Victor album M-643, $6.50). This greatest and most aqueous Debussy score comes through as a triumph for Victor's engineers.

Columbia continues a remarkable expansion. It has acquired the fine Chicago Symphony, which it presents, under veteran Dr. Frederick Stock, in a good performance of Tschaikowsky's charming and familiar *Nutcracker Suite* (album M-395, $5). The Cleveland Orchestra, under Artur Rodzinski, is even better grooved (also in its own hall) in Rimsky-Korsakoff's sheeny *Scheherazade* (M-398, $10). One of the best of the new conductors, Dmitri Mitropoulos, sweeps the Minneapolis Symphony through Beethoven's *Coriolan Overture* in his greatly promising Columbia debut (11175-D, $2).

Columbia some time ago began a series of recordings identified with the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe. The latest is *Scuola di Ballo* (Dancing School), based upon tunes of Boccherini and orchestrated, un-classically but with a delightful lot of trumpeting and other brassery, by the young Frenchman Jean Françaix (X-157, $3.50). Other new Columbia sets: a Beethoven *String Trio* (No. 4 in C Minor) by the Pasquier Trio (M-397, $5); a *Sonata* of Francesco Geminiani, a second-rate eighteenth century composer, played with a slick tone by a sixteen-year-old, Arnold Belnick (X-155, $3.50); a *Musicale of Continental Song,* apparently chosen arbitrarily from the European recordings of Gitta Alpar, a Hungarian opera and movie soprano with a voice of brilliance (M-396, $3.50).

Single discs: *Zueignung and Allerseelen,* two beautiful songs of Richard Strauss, sung too meltingly, to a super-Hollywood accompaniment, by Nelson Eddy (Columbia 17185, $1). . . . More excellent Roland Hayes spiritualiz-

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ing: *Were You There; Hear de Lambs a-Cryin'; Plenty Good Room* (Columbia 69812-D, $1.50). . . . Two-piano work by a good team, Bartlett and Robinson: Bach's *Sheep May Safely Graze* and Handel's *Arrival of the Queen of Sheba* from *Solomon* (69818-D, $1.50). . . . From the Russian liturgy: *Blessed Is the Man, Hallelujah,* and *Behold, Bless Ye the Lord,* by the Siberian Singers (Victor 4462, $1). . . . Handel's *Oboe Concerto No. 1,* with its beautiful slow movement, played by Leon Goossens and the London Philharmonic (Victor 12605, $1.50). . . . Recommended for price and musical interest, although the recording technique has not improved: Royale records, all "firsts," of Mozart's piano variations *Come Un' Agnello* (Alfred Mirovitch, 584); *Halvorsen's Passacaglia on a Theme by Handel* (Eddy Brown and Milton Katims, violinists, 1840); *Navarra for Two Violins and Orchestra* by Sarasate (Eddy Brown and Roman Totenberg, 582).

The best "popular" album of the month, and one which as authentic Americana can stand alongside the "serious" offerings, is Victor's *Ballads of the American Revolution and War of 1812,* sung by John and Lucy Allison (album D-11, five discs, $4.25). Among these songs, most of them set to old English tunes (*Free America* to *British Grenadiers!*), some are gems: the haunting *Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier* (with one verse in colonial Dutch); the amusing *Bombardment of Bristol, R. I.;* the rollicking *Constitution and the Guerriere.* The accompaniments lean heavily on the accordion.

A group called the New Friends of Rhythm, mainly composed of members of the NBC Symphony, periodically amuse themselves swinging the classics. The latest, *Foster Chile* (after Stephen Foster) and *High Voltage,* an original number, is the wittiest, most inventive disc of the month (Victor 26503). The more popular orchestras, probably aware of a sterility in current tune-smithing, have gone in heavily for reviving old favorites. Best of the re-hashed tunes are *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody,* by the talented Varsity Seven with magic pianism by Joe Sullivan (Varsity 8179), and *My Melancholy Baby,* by Red Nichols and his Five Pennies (Bluebird 10593).

Two rival albums of Rodgers and Hart hits of recent years appeared simultaneously. The first recording to be issued by Rabson's Music Shop features Lee Wiley as vocalist, with alternating accompaniments by Joe Bushkin and Max Kaminsky. The other collection, a new kind of Columbia album, offers singing by Deane Janis and Lee Sullivan, with an orchestra directed by Richard Rodgers. Both sets are pleasantly nostalgic and well-performed; it depends upon which songs you prefer. Rabson's album (Music Box No. 1, four discs, $4.50) is not quite so lively as Columbia's (album C-11, four discs, $2.50).

Hit Parade ratings may be predicted for *I've Got My Eyes on You,* with two good recordings to choose from, Bob Crosby on Decca 2991 and Gene Krupa on Columbia 35361; and *What's the Matter with Me,* Benny Goodman on Columbia 35374. Second string recommendations: *Huckleberry Duck* by Raymond Scott and his New Orchestra (Columbia 35363); *Pick-a-Rib,* with some excellent drummings, by Woody Herman and his orchestra (Decca 2979); *Busy as a Bee,* by Benny Goodman (Columbia 35356); *G-Man Hoover,* a home-grown Calypso record with Gerald Clark ("Sir Lancelot") doing the Calypso crooning (Varsity 8188); *Vine Street Bustle* and *Some Day Blues* by the Pete Johnson Blues Trio (piano, guitar, bass—Blue Note Record No. 11,

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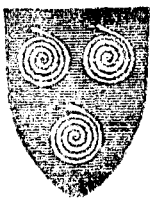
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The Inner Forum

OUT of the 21,226 priests in mission countries throughout the world about one-third are native priests. About 85 percent of these are proteges of the Society of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy. One of the principal means suggested by the society for lay Catholics to take part in the evangelization of the 1,300,000,000 in the pagan world is by supporting native seminarians at the average cost per student of $60 per year.

The Society of St. Peter the Apostle is of comparatively modern origin. It really began in June, 1889, when Bishop Cousin, Vicar Apostolic of Nagasaki, Japan, wrote to his far-off friends, Mme. Stephanie Bigard and her daughter, Jeanne, "You will surely find in Christian France many people animated with a truly Catholic spirit who will willingly associate themselves with our work for the native clergy if they only knew about it and its needs. Do, I ask you, bring my plight to their attention, so that even at the cost of sacrifices they may sponsor the education of a native student, who, when ordained, will remember them at the altar."

Mme. Bigard and her daughter took up the work with a will. They began calling at homes from door to door and refused to yield to discouragement, disappointments and the distrust they inspired in many quarters. When Leo XIII issued an encyclical on the founding of the papal seminary at Kandy, they sought his blessing on their undertaking. The Pope not only granted it but added certain privileges for their benefactors. In 1902 they sought refuge from French anti-clericalism in Fribourg, Switzerland, where the society received formal civil status. When Mme. Bigard died the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary took over the work.

Benedict XV transferred the society's headquarters to Rome during the last world war and gave it a leading part in the comprehensive mission program he outlined. Under Pius XI the Society of St. Peter the Apostle became world-wide in its appeal. Here are a few statistics: China—4,600 native students in minor seminaries, 1,000 native students in major seminaries; Africa—3,556 students in minor seminaries, 766 in major seminaries; India—30 minor seminaries with record enrollment, over 1,000 native students in major seminaries; Japanese Empire—over 500 native students in 10 seminaries.

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